A POWER COMIC

IT'S THE MAG WITH THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

SMASH!

No.71

10th JUNE 1967

EVERY MONDAY

7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

JOLLY ROGER HAS MADE THE DYNAMIC DUO WALK THE PLANK—AND THEY LAND IN DEEP WATER!..

USE THE *BAT TAPE* TO FASTEN THE HYDROGEN PEROXIDE CYLINDER TO YOUR RIGHT ANKLE,.. LIKE *THIS!*

I SURE HOPE IT *WORKS!*

NOW... OPEN THE *VALVE*... AND *DIVE BENEATH THE SURFACE!*

I GET IT! THEN THEY WON'T BE able TO *SEE* US!

WHOOOOSH, WHOOOOSH

BOB KANE

BUT SUDDENLY THEY SURFACE!

WE'VE RUN OUT OF GAS, BATMAN!

...BUT RIGHT UNDER THE *STERN* OF THE *PIRATE SHIP!*

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TIME FOR *ONE CAST* OF THE *BATARANG!*

IF YOU *MISS*... HELLO, DAVY JONES!!

THE *BATARANG* CAUGHT THE *RAIL*, BATMAN!

WE'VE HOOKED US A PRETTY BIG *FISH!*

ALL THIS *EXERCISE* SURE MAKES ME *HUNGRY!*

SORRY I DON'T HAVE A *TURKEY DINNER* IN MY UTILITY BELT, CHUM!

THEY'RE *ALIVE*, I TELL YOU! THEY JUST CLIMBED PAST THE *WINDOW!*

IF THEY *BE* ALIVE, I'LL *COOK THEIR GOOSE!*

PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

TURKEY? GOOSE?? WILL OUR FRIENDS END UP IN THE *SOUP?* TURN THE PAGE AND *SEE!*

Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967

NOW HEAR THIS! THIS IS JOLLY ROGER... THE SCOURGE OF THE SEVEN SEAS!

A HUNDRED PIECES OF EIGHT (THAT'S ROUGHLY 940 BUCKS!) TO THE SCURVY KNAVE WHO BRINGS ME BATMAN AND ROBIN!

MOM

--AND NOT NECESSARILY ALIVE!!

HE SOUNDS SORE!

SO MUCH THE BETTER! AN ANGRY FOE IS NOT A CLEAR-THINKING FOE!

IN ABOUT ONE SECOND WE'RE GOING TO BE RUSHED BY FIFTY PIRATES!

WE'RE AS READY AS WE'LL EVER BE, CHUM!

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REPEL BOARDERS! SCUTTLE THE DYNAMIC DUO!!

BUT AS THE CHARGING PIRATES STORM TOWARD BATMAN AND ROBIN, A FUNNY THING HAPPENS!

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WE THREW THE WOODEN HATCH-COVER OVERBOARD, YOU SEE--LEAVING ONLY THE CANVAS TOP!

BOB KANE

I HOPE THE HOLD CAN HOLD THEM ALL!

BLAST YE, BATMAN! YE'VE CAPTURED ME WHOLE CREW!

AND YOU'RE NEXT, YOU BIG CROOK!

LET'S SEE HOW YOU TALK WITHOUT A HEAD, BOY WONDER!

WHAT A CUTTING REMARK!

VERY SHARP!

WHOOSH

THERE'S ANOTHER SLICE OF ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK!

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Percy's Pets

COOK-OOH!

EGGS

WHAT A LIFE! SHUT UP IN THAT CLOCK ALL DAY— I ONLY GET OUT FOR A BREATH OF AIR ONCE AN HOUR— IT'S NOT FAIR!

AND NO DOUBT YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I DON'T JUST HOP IT THEN?

THAT'S WHY— THAT ROTTEN PERCY'S *TIED* ME TO THIS BLINKING THING!

PENKNIFE— SHORT FOR PENGUIN KNIFE!

YAHOO! A FRIEND AT LAST!

LEAVE IT TO ME, CHIRPY! I'LL CUT YOU FREE!

YIPPEE! I'M FREE! I'M FREE AS A BIRD! THANKS, 'PENGY!

MINUTES LATER...

CUCKOO! CUCKOO!

SUFFERING TOADSTOOLS! IT CAN'T BE TWO O'CLOCK ALREADY?

POOLS

SOON...

CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!

HELP! IS IT THREE O'CLOCK **ALREADY?**

I MAKE IT JUST FIVE PAST TWO, THAT CUCKOO CLOCK'S GONE MAD!

OH, NO! PENGY'S CUT THE CUCKOO FREE!

CREAK!

GRRR! YOU LITTLE STIFF SHIRT! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

HEH! HEH! I'M SAFE— I'M TOO BIG TO GO ON THE CUCKOO CLOCK!

CRUNCH!

GRRR! WE'LL SOON SEE ABOUT THAT!

AAGH! HE'S GOT ME!

CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!

AAH! I SEE YOU'VE FIXED IT! IT *IS* THREE O'CLOCK THIS TIME!

NOTHING TO IT, DAD!

HELP! LOOK WHAT PERCY'S DONE TO PENGY!

CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!

GRR! HAVE **YOU** EVER HEARD OF A GRAND-FATHER *CUCKOO* CLOCK?

THAT'S THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLES— PENGUINS SHOULD STICK TO BISCUITS!

SMASH!

POW!

BAD PENNY

AMMO.

ONE PENNY 1967

LOOK AT THOSE LOVELY FEET – SIZE FOURTEEN – THE BIGGEST PLATES OF MEAT IN THE FORCE!

?

HUH! I BET P.C. FLATT'S FEET ARE BIGGER THAN YOURS – BY AT LEAST TWO SIZES!

NUTS! P.C. FLATT'S ARE ONLY SIDE PLATES – MINE ARE DINNER PLATES!

RIGHT – I'LL GET P.C. FLATT AND I'LL PROVE IT!

RIGHT! GET YOUR BOOTS OFF AND I'LL MEASURE BOTH FEET – I BET P.C. FLATT WINS BY A BIG TOE!

PHEW! P.C. FLATT'S ARE THE SMELLIEST ANYWAY!

VERY FUNNY!

AAGH! SHE'S TIED OUR FEET TOGETHER!

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

WAA-AAH! SHE'S NICKED OUR BOOTS!

STOP, THIEF!

HEH! HEH! TWO PAIRS OF KING-SIZE BEETLE-CRUSHERS TO ADD TO MY COLLECTION!

ZOOM!

GRRR! THIS TIME PENNY'S GONE TOO FAR!

AND I BET MY MISSING WHISTLE'S IN THAT COLLECTION OF HERS, TOO!

A. DAD & SONS FLORISTS

THIS'LL STOP THEM – I'D HATE TO STAND ON CACTUS SPIKES IN MY STOCKINGED FEET!

CACTI

THEY DIDN'T LIKE IT EITHER!

AIEE!

GRRR! SHE'S BOUND TO BE HEADING TOWARDS HER HUT – WE'LL TAKE THE SHORT CUT OVER BATLEY COMMON AND GET THERE BEFORE HER!

I THOUGHT THEY'D DECIDE TO COME THIS WAY! SNIGGER!

TO BATLEY COMMON

TO COMMON MARKET

MEANWHILE...

HEH! HEH! SHE'LL NEVER THINK WE'RE COMING THIS WAY!

THERE'S TWO BORN EVERY MINUTE!

SPLAT!

HELP! WHAT WAS THAT?

CRACK!

AAGH!

TO BATLEY COMMON DO NOT DISTURB

TWEET TWEET

ZZZZZ

I DON'T THINK THOSE TWO WILL BOTHER ME AGAIN FOR A WHILE.

TO COMMON MARKET

HEH! HEH! THAT'S MY COLLECTION COMPLETE – I'VE GOT BOOTS FROM EVERY COP IN TOWN NOW!

THUMP! BANG!

P.C. OOP

P.C. NEWS

P.C. WREN

FOOTSIE

P.C. PLATT

P.C. McNAB

P.C. NICK

P.C. FLATT

ER– HERE'S ONE COP'S BOOT YOU HAVEN'T GOT, PENNY!

EEK!

YANK!

AAGH! CHEAT! IT'S THE BOOT OF A COP CAR! WAA-AAH!

POLICE

YEAH! AND YOU CAN'T NAIL *THIS* ONE UP!

HELP! LET ME OUT! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

SUPERMARKET

POLICE STATION

AT THE POLICE STATION...

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!

YOU CAN CLEAN THEM ALL BEFORE YOU HAND THEM BACK, PENNY! HO! HO!

TAP!

BAH! I THINK I'LL STICK TO COLLECTING *STAMPS* IN FUTURE!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

TO SAVE A NEWSPAPERMAN FRIEND'S LIFE, RUBBERMAN IS FORCED TO STEAL THE MYSTIC SUN STONE FROM A ROME MUSEUM. WHY? BECAUSE THE SINISTER DOCTOR GLOOM BELIEVES THE STONE WILL CURE HIM OF THE CURSE OF HAVING TO LIVE IN DARKNESS...BUT WHEN GLOOM USES THE STONE **HIS** EXPERIMENT GOES WRONG AND...

...ONCE AGAIN, GLOOM BECOMES A GIANT, WRACKED WITH PAIN AND FEAR...

THE SUN STONE! THE LIGHT FROM IT PIERCED MY PROTECTIVE CLOTHING! I CANNOT... BEAR IT...!

THE LIGHT HAS CHANGED HIM FROM A DWARF... TO THIS! JUST AS IT ALWAYS DOES!

NOW ANGER CONTORTS THE EVIL FEATURES...

MY ONE CHANCE OF FREEDOM FROM THIS CURSE THAT PLAGUES ME HAS FAILED. BUT YOU, RUBBERMAN...YOU SHALL NOT LIVE TO MOCK AT MY MISFORTUNE...!

HIS... GRIP... IT IS... CRUSH-ING... ME...!

LIKE YOUR FRIEND BETWEEN THE CRUSHING WALLS...YOU, TOO, SHALL DIE!

THE SUN STONE FAILED HIM. NOW IT IS IS MY ONLY CHANCE...!

GLOOM'S HENCHMAN IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE...

UUUUHHH!

TAKE A HINT, OTTO!...AND KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!

GRIPPING THE SUN STONE, RUBBERMAN CONTRACTS HIS BODY...

THE STONE...! NO! NO!

HE'S RELEASING HIS HOLD ON ME...!

GET IT AWAY! THE LIGHT RAYS... I CANNOT BEAR THEM...!

THEN...

THE LIGHT! THE LIGHT!

HE'S SLAMMED BACK AGAINST THE WALL! AND IT'S BREAKING UNDER HIS WEIGHT...!

THE WALL CRUMBLES...

AAAHHH!

THE GROUND HAS BROKEN AWAY, TOO, BENEATH HIM. MUST BE A CELLAR OF SOME SORT...!

AAAARGHH!

NO, YOU DON'T, OTTO! MAYBE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE... **YOU'RE NEEDED!**

LET ME... *UUUUH-HHH!*

THE HIDDEN SWITCH THAT WILL STOP THE WALLS CRUSHING MY FRIEND! TELL ME WHERE IT IS, OTTO...OR...!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU...!

THE YOUNG REPORTER ESCAPES DEATH BY INCHES...

THE WALLS! THEY...THEY'VE STOPPED!

IT'S ME, WAYNE. YOU'RE OKAY NOW!

LOOK!... HE'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!

OTTO MUST HAVE A CONCRETE JAW. ONCE HE SHOWED ME THE SWITCH I TAPPED HIM INTO DREAM-LAND. I THOUGHT HE'D BE OUT COLD FOR AT LEAST AN HOUR...!

LET HIM GO! HE'S UNIMPORTANT ANYWAY. RIGHT NOW, WE'LL TELEPHONE FOR THE POLICE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S GLOOM WHO'S THE REAL DANGER!

AN HOUR LATER...

A **GIANT**, YOU SAY? SIGNOR—YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED ON RECOVERING THE SUN STONE...AND ALSO UPON YOUR *IMAGINATION!*

ALL RIGHT— SEE FOR YOURSELF! HE'S DOWN THERE IN THAT HOLE!

A GIANT, SIGNOR? AS YOUR COUNTRY-MEN SAY...'A REAL WEIRDIE'...YES! BUT A GIANT, SIGNOR?... YOUR IMAGINATION HAS PLAYED TRICKS ON YOU, NO?

OTTO MUST HAVE TOSSED DOWN ONE OF GLOOM'S 'LIGHT PROTECT-IVE' SUITS.

WE WILL ARREST YOUR 'GIANT', SIGNOR. BUT **YOU** ALSO MUST MAKE MANY EXPLANATIONS! YOU ATTACKED THREE OF MY MEN...

BUT THAT WAS BECAUSE... OH THE HECK WITH IT! I'LL COME ALONG WITH YOU. IT'S A LONG STORY...

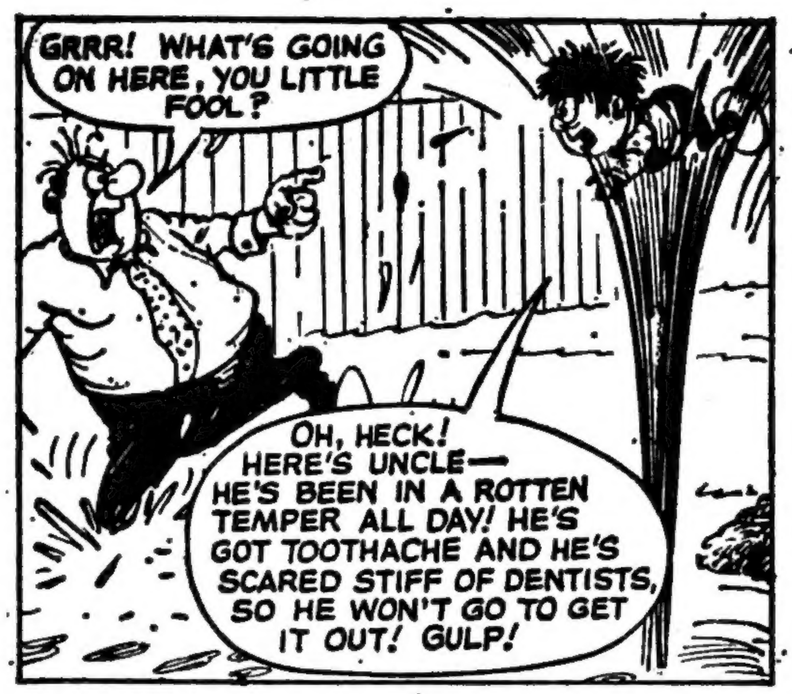
YOU BROUGHT THIS UPON ME, RUBBER-MAN! I SHALL NOT FORGET IT! ONE DAY—SOMEHOW—I SHALL REPAY YOU FOR THIS. *I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE!*

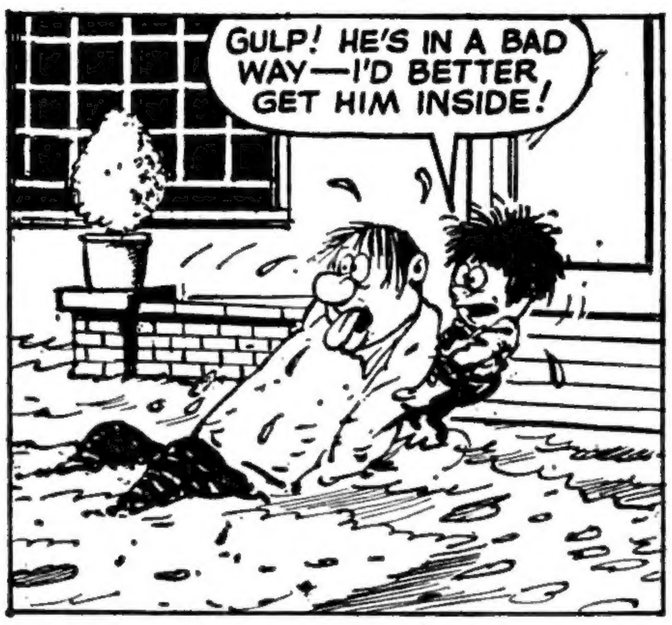
HEAR THE HATRED IN HIS VOICE, RUBBERMAN! THAT'S NO IDLE THREAT! *WHILE HE'S ALIVE YOU'LL* ***NEVER*** *BE SAFE!*

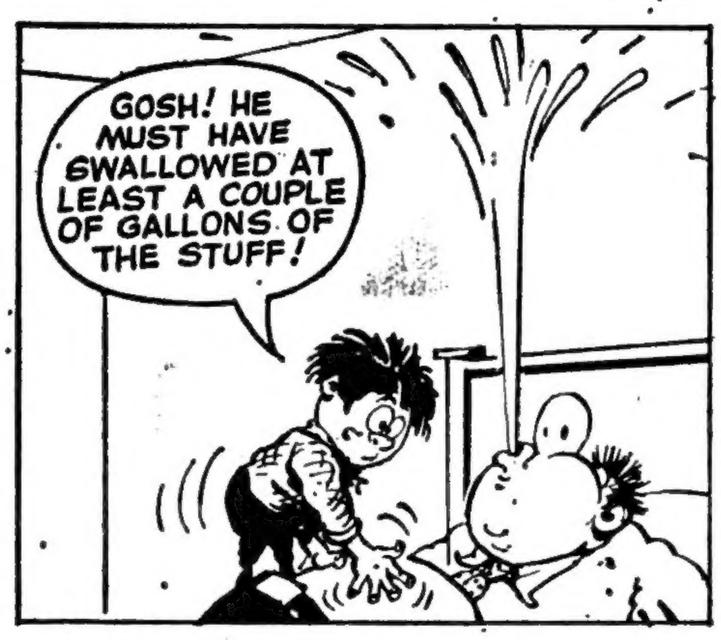
AND IF YOU THINK YOU'VE SEEN THE LAST OF DOCTOR GLOOM—WELL, SEE ***NEXT WEEK!*** *AND YOU WON'T BE THE ONLY ONE WHO IS IN FOR THE* ***BIGGEST*** *SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!*

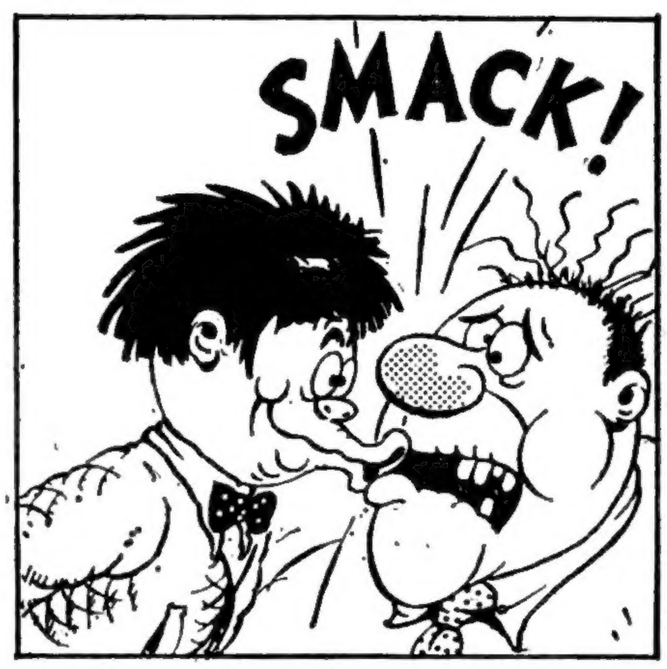
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

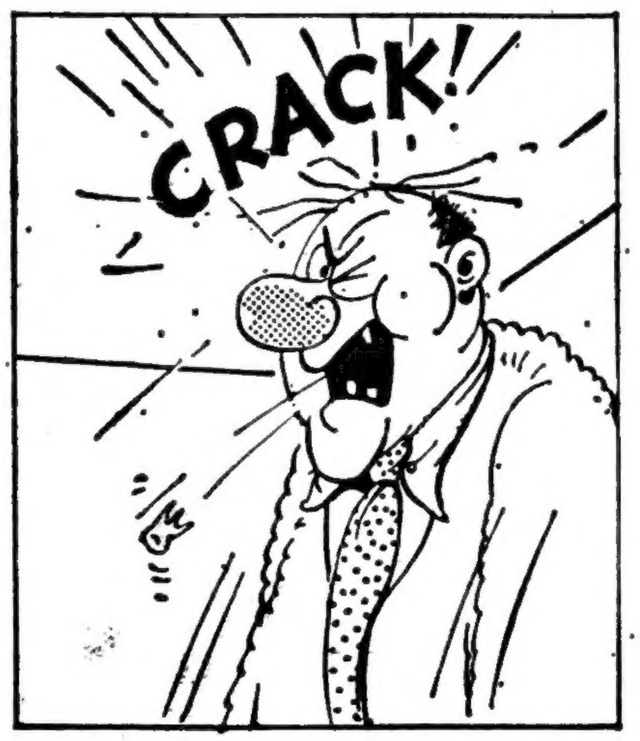
RONNIE RICH


GRRR! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, YOU LITTLE FOOL?
OH, HECK! HERE'S UNCLE— HE'S BEEN IN A ROTTEN TEMPER ALL DAY! HE'S GOT TOOTHACHE AND HE'S SCARED STIFF OF DENTISTS, SO HE WON'T GO TO GET IT OUT! GULP!









T.N.T TIM AND HIS NEW WAYFINDERS ADVENTURE BOOTS

A GIGANTIC FOX HAS BEEN TERRORISING THE COUNTRYSIDE... AND THEN ONE DAY....

MY BABY!

DON'T WORRY—I'LL FIND HIM!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

NOT WITH MY NEW WAYFINDERS BOOTS IT IS'NT!

TIM CONSULTS THE ANIMAL TRACKS ON THE SOLES OF HIS NEW WAYFINDERS, AND AT ONCE PICKS UP THE TRAIL.

BADGER STAG HEDGEHOG RED SQUIRREL GOAT STOAT FOX SHEEP TERRIER WAYFINDERS

THESE ARE FOX TRACKS ALL RIGHT!

GUIDED BY HIS 'WAYFINDERS BOOTS, TIM TRAILS THE FOX DEEP INTO THE WOODS!

MEANWHILE AT THE FOX'S DEN...

THE VICIOUS BEAST IS ABOUT TO POUNCE... WHEN SUDDENLY...

OH NO YOU DON'T!

WITH A BLOOD—CURDLING SNARL—THE FOX SPRINGS AT TIM.....

GET A MOUTHFUL OF THAT!

THE STURDY LEATHER OF HIS WAYFINDERS PROTECTS TIM'S ANKLES.. AND THE FOX CRAWLS AWAY WITH AN ACHING JAW!

NOW TO GET BACK—THE COMPASS IN THE POUCH ON MY WAYFINDERS WILL GUIDE ME.

LATER

DON'T THANK ME. THANK MY NEW WAYFINDERS BOOTS I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT THEM.

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

NEW

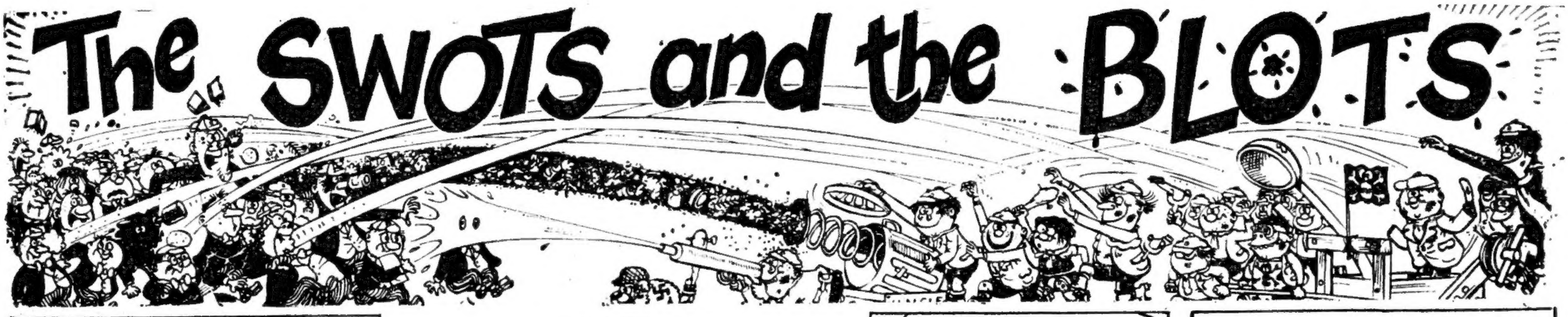
WAYFINDERS BOOTS

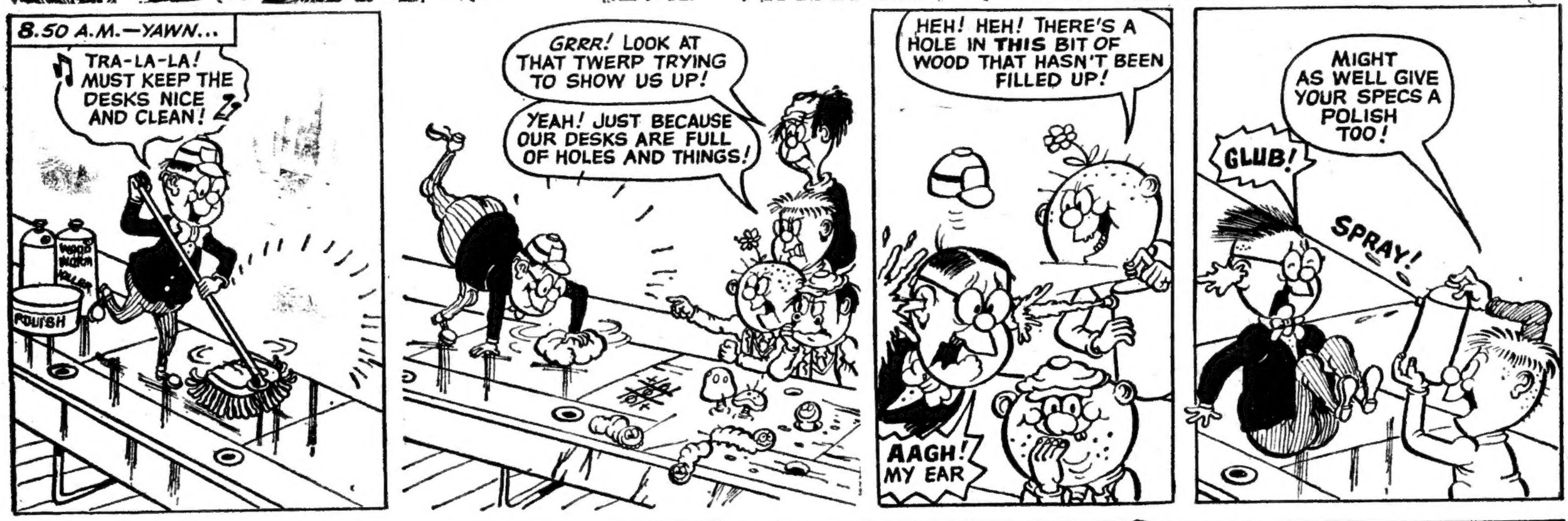
ARE BUILT FOR THE TOUGH ADVENTUROUS LIFE

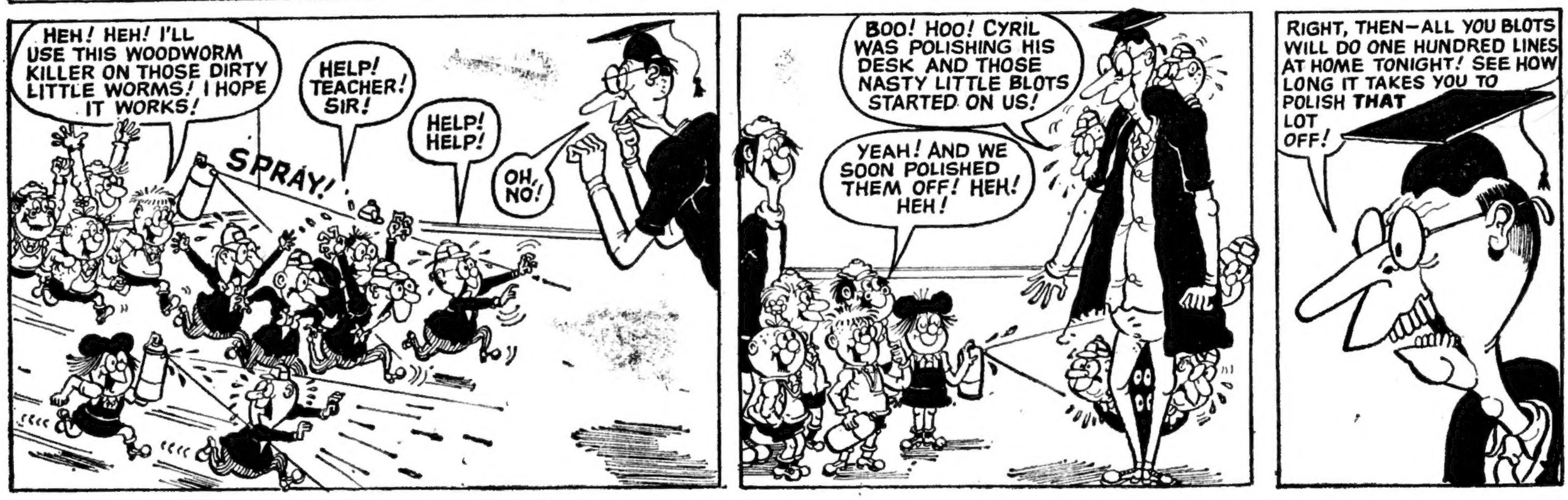
New Wayfinders Boots available in tan or black cost from just 49 11d. They've got a six month's guarantee. And they are fully approved for Scouts and Cubs. They're in the shops now, so get yours - today!

WAYFINDERS, 151 OXFORD ST., LONDON. W1

The SWOTS and the BLOTS




8.50 A.M.—YAWN...
TRA-LA-LA! MUST KEEP THE DESKS NICE AND CLEAN!
POLISH
GRRR! LOOK AT THAT TWERP TRYING TO SHOW US UP!
YEAH! JUST BECAUSE OUR DESKS ARE FULL OF HOLES AND THINGS!
HEH! HEH! THERE'S A HOLE IN THIS BIT OF WOOD THAT HASN'T BEEN FILLED UP!
AAGH! MY EAR
GLUB!
MIGHT AS WELL GIVE YOUR SPECS A POLISH TOO!
SPRAY!


HEH! HEH! I'LL USE THIS WOODWORM KILLER ON THOSE DIRTY LITTLE WORMS! I HOPE IT WORKS!
SPRAY!
HELP! TEACHER! SIR!
HELP! HELP!
OH, NO!
BOO! HOO! CYRIL WAS POLISHING HIS DESK AND THOSE NASTY LITTLE BLOTS STARTED ON US!
YEAH! AND WE SOON POLISHED THEM OFF! HEH! HEH!
RIGHT, THEN—ALL YOU BLOTS WILL DO ONE HUNDRED LINES AT HOME TONIGHT! SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES YOU TO POLISH THAT LOT OFF!

GRRR! IT'S ALL CYRIL'S FAULT! IF HE HADN'T BEEN POLISHING HIS DESK...!
LET'S DO HIM!
AAGH! HELP! TEACHER! HELP!
HEH! HEH! TEACHER ISN'T HERE TO HELP YOU NOW, YOU TWERP!

BUT WE'RE HERE TO HELP CYRIL!

AAGH! WE'VE BEEN AMBUSHED!

GRRR! THEY'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THIS!

PHEW! WELL DONE, LADS! IT'S TIME THAT LOT HAD A BATH! HEH! HEH!

MINUTES LATER...

BAH! COME ON, LET'S GET CYRIL!

HEH! HEH! WE KNOW A SHORT CUT TO CYRIL'S HOUSE— WE'LL GET THERE BEFORE HIM, AND WE'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA THAN BASHING HIM!

BEWARE OF THE ~~BULL~~ Blots

HEE! HEE! HERE HE COMES! STAND BY TO CLOBBER! I LOVE CRUSHING INSECTS!

OOER! I SMELL DIRTY FEET AND UNWASHED NECKS! GULP!

OOER, TOO LATE, CYRIL...

20K!

HEH! HEH! PUT THIS OVER YOUR NOSE THEN! TEE! HEE!

WAA-AAH! HELP! MERCY!

BAH! I DIDN'T GET TO USE IT! THE ROTTERS!

RIGHT— START WRITING! THERE'S SEVEN OF US—THAT'S SEVEN HUNDRED LINES! HEH! HEH! HEH!

AND IF YOU DON'T— I'LL USE THIS!

COME ON! COME ON! GET ON WITH IT! GET ON WITH IT!

DULL

THUD!

AAGH! YOU IWERP! YOU'VE KNOCKED HIM COLD! HE CAN'T WRITE ANY LINES NOW!

OOER! GULP! I JUST TAPPED HIM!

AND SO...

AAGH! HELP! I THOUGHT YOU LIKED BASHING SWOTS!

AND SO...

ER—HOW DO YOU SPELL 'A'?

ICE PACK.

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"The TITAN and the TORMENT!"

IT'S MEMORY-REFRESHER TIME, STUDENTS, AND WE MADE IT AS PAINLESS AS WE COULD! SEE--?

WITH ***BRUCE BANNER*** GONE, THE MAN KNOWN AS ***DR. ZAXON*** HAS BEEN HIRED BY THE MISSILE COMMAND TO REPLACE HIM! BUT, NO ONE SUSPECTS THAT THE TREACHEROUS ZAXON HAS ONLY ***ONE*** OBJECTIVE--TO ***DESTROY*** THE CAPTIVE ***HULK,*** AND IN SO DOING, TO MAKE ***HIMSELF*** THE STRONGEST MORTAL ON EARTH!

YOU'RE ***DOOMED,*** YOU BRAINLESS BRUTE! WITHIN SECONDS, MY ***ORGANIC ENERGY ATTRACTOR*** WILL DRAIN YOUR STRENGTH FROM YOU--AND, AS YOUR LIFE SLIPS AWAY, YOUR POWER SHALL BECOME ***MINE!***

ZAP!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1968

YOU'RE ***WEAKENING!*** I KNEW IT! I ***KNEW*** THERE HAD TO BE A ***LIMIT*** TO YOUR ENERGY! I GAMBLED MY ***LIFE*** ON THAT ONE FACT--AND I'VE ***WON!***

BUT--WHY DON'T YOU ***FALL??*** YOU SHOULD BE DRAINED OF ALL YOUR ***POWER*** BY NOW!! WHAT'S HOLDING YOU ***UP???***

BLAP!

HIS EYES!! THE FURY IN HIS FACE! IT--IT ISN'T ***POSSIBLE***--AND YET--***HE'S STRONGER THAN EVER!!***

NOTHING STOPS THE ***HULK!!***

INDEED, THE MURDEROUS ZAXON HAS MADE HIS ONE MISCALCULATION! EVEN ***HE*** CANNOT SUSPECT THAT BRUCE BANNER'S GAMMA RAYS HAVE MIRACULOUSLY GIVEN THE ***HULK*** THE POWER TO GROW ***STRONGER,*** RATHER THAN WEAKER, SO LONG AS HIS ***RAGE*** KEEPS MOUNTING!

THEN, STRIKING LIKE A MADDENED JUGGERNAUT, THE GREEN-SKINNED GOLIATH HURLS THE DEADLY INSTRUMENT FROM SAXON'S HAND WITH THE FORCE OF A PILE-DRIVER--!

WHOK!

NO!

FRENZIED WITH FRUSTRATION AND FEAR, ZAXON MAKES A FINAL DESPERATE LUNGE--SEEKING TO RETRIEVE HIS WEAPON AND TO STRIKE *AGAIN!* BUT, FATE HAS *OTHER* PLANS...

IF I CAN GRAB IT AGAIN--THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO *DESTROY* THE--OH *NO! NO!!*

IT STRUCK THE WALL--AND *RICOCHETED*--IT'S POINTING AT *ME!!* CAN'T DODGE IN TIME! CAN'T--*UNHHHHH!!!*

THWAK!

ZAP!

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE LIKE *THAT! GET UP!! GET UP!*

IT'S THE *HULK'S* TURN!! *NO ONE* CAN ESCAPE FROM ME! GET *UP*--UP--AND FACE THE *HULK!!*

BUT THEN, FROM SOME DIM RECESS OF HIS BRUTISH BRAIN, A GLIMMER OF THOUGHT BREAKS THROUGH--FROM THE ALMOST FORGOTTEN INTELLIGENCE THAT WAS ONCE *BRUCE BANNER--!*

CAN'T GET UP! BATTLE OVER! HE'S *DEAD!*--NO ONE TO *FIGHT* NOW!

THEN, THE BESTIAL BRAIN CLOUDS OVER AGAIN--AND ONLY ONE EMOTION REMAINS--A SENSE OF TOWERING *RAGE--!*

ALWAYS MEN HUNT ME!! *ALWAYS* THEY TRY TO KILL ME!! *WHY? WHY??* THEY'RE SO *PUNY*--SO *WEAK*--BUT *STILL* THEY HOUND ME--!

WHY? WHY MUST--?? *UHH!! VOICES!*

WHAT WAS GOIN' *ON* IN THERE?

IT MUST BE THE *HULK!!* HE MUSTA BROKEN *FREE!*

DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE! SOUND THE *ALARM!!*

BUT--*DR. ZAXON* WAS IN THERE!! IF THE HULK BROKE LOOSE--THEN--

ZAXON WON'T HAVE A *CHANCE!!* WE'VE GOTTA *DO* SOMETHIN'!!

MEN COME!! BUT--THEY WON'T FIND THE *HULK!*

THWOOM!

THWOOM!

HE'S LEAPING *AWAY!*

THOOM!

SECONDS LATER, AFTER THE STARTLED TROOPS HAVE PEERED OVER THE STEEL FENCE...

ZAXON'S DEAD!! THE HULK MUSTA *KILLED* 'IM! I'VE GOTTA NOTIFY *MAJOR TALBOT!!*

NOW WE KNOW FOR *SURE* THAT HE'S A *KILLER!*

WHAT IN BLAZES IS HE *MADE* OF?? BULLETS JUST BOUNCE *OFF* 'IM!!

CRACK!

MEANWHILE, A SCENE TAKES PLACE SOME MILES AWAY WHICH IS DESTINED TO HAVE AN IMPORTANT EFFECT UPON THE STRANGE SAGA OF THE INCREDIBLE HULK--!

THAT'S IT, *HERCULES!* EAT ALL YOU *WANT* TO! YOU'VE GOT TO BE AT YOUR FIGHTING PEAK WHEN YOU MEET THE HEAD OF THE STUDIO, IN HOLLYWOOD!

HERCULES IS *ALWAYS* AT HIS FIGHTING PEAK! I EAT BECAUSE IT DOTH GIVE ME *PLEASURE!*

THE STUDIO HAS BEEN SEEKING SOMEONE TO PLAY THE ROLE OF *HERCULES* FOR MONTHS! I'LL RECEIVE THE BIGGEST *BONUS* OF MY CAREER WHEN I INTRODUCE *YOU* TO--

STILL YOUR TONGUE, PUNY ONE!! I WOULD LISTEN TO THE MELODY FROM WITHIN THIS MAGIC BOX!

TERRIFIC, PAL! YOU'RE REALLY BEGINNING TO *LIVE* THE PART!

WE INTERRUPT OUR PROGRAMME FOR A SPECIAL *BULLETIN!* IT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED THAT THE INCREDIBLE *HULK,* AFTER MURDERING A CIVILIAN SCIENTIST, HAS ESCAPED FROM--

BAH! OF WHAT USE ARE *WORDS?!!* WHERE HAS THE *MELODY* GONE??

EASY, FRIEND! THE STUDIO WILL HAVE TO *PAY* FOR THAT RADIO!

THWAK!

SO, THE *HULK'S* AT LARGE AGAIN! I SURE WOULDN'T WANNA BE THE NEXT VICTIM THAT *HE* RUNS INTO!

THEY CLAIM *NOTHING* CAN HURT HIM!

HULK?? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE WORD--BUT, IF HE BE *MORTAL,* REST THOU ASSURED THAT THE POWER OF *HERCULES* CAN STOP HIM *INDEED!*

SAY! WOULDN'T *THAT* BE SOMETHING?!! IMAGINE, IF YOU AND HE *MET!* IT'D BE A PRESS AGENT'S *DREAM!*

AND, BACK AT THE MISSILE BASE ITSELF, WE FIND--

YOU'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH *HERE*, BETTY! AS FOR ME, I WON'T RETURN UNTIL I'VE RECAPTURED THAT GREEN-SKINNED KILLER!

HOW CAN YOU BE SURE THE *HULK* KILLED HIM? NOBODY *SAW* IT HAPPEN!

DON'T BE A *FOOL*, BOY! IT *HAD* TO BE THE HULK!

NASA

BUT, GLEN--WHAT IF RICK WAS *RIGHT* ABOUT THE HULK REALLY BEING *BRUCE BANNER*? MUST *BRUCE* DIE FOR THE *HULK'S* CRIMES?

I'LL *TRY* TO TAKE THE HULK *ALIVE*, BETTY--IF IT'S HUMANLY POSSIBLE!

THAT'S WHY I'M BRINGING *RICK* WITH ME! HE'S THE ONLY ONE THE HULK MIGHT *TRUST*!

IT'S LIKE SOME MAD, FANTASTIC *NIGHTMARE*! HAS THE MAN I LOVE REALLY BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO SOME SORT OF UNSPEAKABLE *MONSTER*??

HAVE I FINALLY LEARNED THAT BRUCE BANNER STILL *LIVES*--ONLY TO KNOW I'VE LOST HIM AGAIN--FOREVER?

MILES AWAY, AS TEARS BEGIN TO WELL IN THE EYES OF BETTY ROSS--

PLANES! CHASING ME!

THEY'LL NEVER CATCH THE *HULK*!

THOOM! THOOM! THOOM!

I'M *THROUGH* RUNNING! *NOW* THE HULK *FIGHTS BACK*!

THEY THINK HULK IS *HELPLESS*!

BUT I CAN MAKE WEAPON OUT OF *ANYTHING*! HULK IS *NEVER* HELPLESS!

WHIRR

RAK

THEY'RE DIVING! LOWER! *LOWER*! GOOD! NOW--*NOW* I HAVE A CHANCE!

SKREEEEEEEEE

TTTT

HOK

FROM NOW ON, IT IS HULK WHO HUNTS --WHO ATTACKS-- WHO THREATENS!

YOUR POWER IS GREATER THAN ANY MORTAL HAS THE RIGHT TO POSSESS! BUT, BY THE GOLDEN VALES OF OLYMPUS, THAT POWER NOW SHALL BE THY UNDOING!

HAH! YOU STILL FIGHT! GOOD! GOOD! THIS IS WHAT HULK NEEDS! THIS IS WHAT HULK CAN UNDERSTAND!

BA-ROOM!

WITLESS MORTAL! THOU HAST HAD THY SPORT! NOW, 'TIS TIME FOR HERCULES TO HAVE HIS....!

ARRRGHHHH!

TREASURE THIS MOMENT, GROTESQUE ONE!

THOU ART HONOURED ABOVE ALL OTHERS--FOR THOU HAST BEEN SMITTEN BY THE MIGHTIEST OF ALL!

KOK

AND NOW, LET THERE BE AN END TO THIS TABLEAU! IN TRUTH, 'TIS BENEATH THE DIGNITY OF AN OLYMPIAN TO INDULGE IN SPORT SUCH AS THIS!

BUT, BEFORE THE DISDAINFUL STRONGMAN CAN RELEASE HIS INCREDIBLE FOE, THE HULK TWISTS HIS MASSIVE BODY AROUND, UNLEASHING A SUDDEN BLOW--!

NO ONE DEFEATS THE HULK!

UGGH!

KRAK!

BY THE ZESTY ZITHER OF ZEUS! NEVER DID I SUSPECT SUCH POWER MIGHT DWELL WITHIN THE LIMBS OF A MORTAL!

AT LAST I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHY THE GOD OF THUNDER HIMSELF HATH FOUND THIS PLANET SO TO HIS LIKING!

BUT, TIME ENOUGH LATER FOR EMPTY WORDS--!

UHHH--!

THERE IS YET MORE BATTLE TO BE WAGED!

TO YOU THIS IS GAME! NOW HULK WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND! BATTLE WILL SOON BE OVER-- FOR YOU!

VERILY, 'TIS BEYOND BELIEF! YOU THINK TO SUBDUE HERCULES WITH NAUGHT BUT A BEAR HUG??!!

NOW, FOR THINE INSOLENCE ALONE MUST THOU BE PUNISHED!

YOU--CAN'T--BREAK--FREE--!

ART THOU BEREFT OF REASON? THOU SPEAKEST TO THE SON OF ZEUS!

NOW AM I DONE WITH TOYING WITH THEE!

ONLY THY MOST SHATTERING *DEFEAT* CAN SERVE TO SATISFY ME *NOW!*

WHOW

THUS, LET THEE BE *IMPRISONED*, TILL IT SHALL PLEASE ME TO ALLOW THY RELEASE!

RRRAK

AHH! THUS, *ANOTHER* GLORIOUS VICTORY IS ADDED TO THE LUSTROUS LEGEND OF *HERCULES!*

SPLING

BUT, SECONDS LATER...

BLOOM

NOW--*HULK* STRIKES!!

THOU ART AGAIN *FREE???* TRULY, MY *ANGER* BEGINS TO MOUNT! A VANQUISHED FOE SHOULD *REMAIN* THUS VANQUISHED!

TALK! TALK! TALK! ONLY *ACTION* COUNTS! *WORDS* CAN'T STOP *HULK!*

WHOOSH

BUT SUDDENLY, BEFORE ANOTHER MOVE CAN BE MADE, A BLISTERING BARRAGE OF GIANT *ARTILLERY SHELLS* COMES SCREAMING DOWN FROM THE HILLS ABOVE--!

EEEE

AND, INSTANTANEOUSLY, HERCULES IS RELIEVED OF THE PROBLEM OF HOW TO DISPOSE OF THE GIGANTIC BOULDER WHICH HE HOLDS....!

KLOWIE

THEN, ONCE AGAIN, HALF-BURIED IN THE DIM RECESSES OF THE HULK'S FOGGY BRAIN, A GLIMMER OF *INTELLIGENCE* FROM THE PART THAT IS STILL *BRUCE BANNER* SEEMS TO MOMENTARILY SEEP THROUGH...

GUNS--IN HILLS ALL AROUND ME!

ARMY IS CLOSING IN! TOO MANY! EVEN *HULK* HASN'T POWER TO FIGHT THEM *ALL!* BUT, STILL TIME TO *ESCAPE*--!

THUS, WITH ONE SUDDEN, PRODIGIOUS *LEAP*, THE GREEN-SKINNED HUMAN BEHEMOTH SOARS INTO THE AIR LIKE A RAMPAGING PROJECTILE, LEAVING HIS ERSTWHILE ENEMIES TO HELPLESSLY WATCH HIS DEPARTURE, FAR, FAR BELOW--!

THOOM!

HE'S *GONE!* WE'VE *LOST* HIM AGAIN!

HERCULES! ARE YOU *ALL RIGHT??* IF-IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO *YOU*--I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO SHOW MY FACE IN HOLLYWOOD AGAIN!

NEVER HAVE I BEHELD SUCH AN ANTAGONIST! NEVER HAVE I FOUGHT SUCH A MORTAL!

SAY! HOW AM I GONNA GET YOU TO THE *COAST* IN TIME? IT'LL TAKE A *WEEK* TO REPAIR THESE TRACKS!

HERCULES HAS SPENT TIME *ENOUGH* IN THIS BARREN PLACE! WE SHALL LEAVE AT *ONCE!*

I ADMIRE YOUR *OPTIMISM*, MY FRIEND --BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S HOPELESSLY MISPLACED!

HAVE YOU THUS SOON *FORGOTTEN?* I AM *HERCULES!* THERE IS *NOTHING* BEYOND MY PROWESS!

L-LOOK! HE'S *CARRYING* THE CARS ACROSS THE BREACH IN THE TRACKS--!

AND--HE'S *ASSEMBLING* THEM AGAIN--ON THE *OTHER SIDE!*

WE ALL *SEE* IT! WE'RE ALL *WATCHING* HIM! BUT--IT-IT *STILL* ISN'T POSSIBLE!!

YET, MOMENTS LATER, THE SPEEDY STREAMLINER IS AGAIN STREAKING FOR THE WEST COAST...
HERCULES--YOU CAN TELL ME--I'M YOUR FRIEND--HOW DO YOU DO IT?? WHAT'S THE GIMMICK?
THY VOICE OFFENDS ME! BE THOU SILENT AND BRING ME MORE FOOD! IS THERE NOT AN ENTIRE OX IN YON KITCHEN?
STRANGE INDEED ARE THE WORKINGS OF FATE! HAVING DISPLAYED HIS POWER BEFORE AN AWESTRUCK ASSEMBLAGE, HERCULES IS HAILED AS THE GREATEST OF HEROES...
AND YET, AFTER DISPLAYING HIS POWER, WE FIND THE HULK FLEEING FOR HIS LIFE, LIKE A BEAST AT BAY!
THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW!
THOOM!
THEN, AS THE SLOWLY-MOUNTING, EVER-SIMMERING FURY RAGES WITHIN HIM, HE THINKS HIS DARK AND LONELY THOUGHTS--ONE HUMAN BEING--HUNTED--HOUNDED --WITH ALL MANKIND AGAINST HIM!
NEXT ISSUE:
TYRANNUS
'NUFF SAID!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!— you'll win £1 if your letter is printed! ★

Dear Alf and Cos,

Why don't we see Rubberman stretch his neck? In nearly every story we see him stretching his arms and legs—but never his neck. Is it because it is not made of rubber, like the rest of him?

Grimly is not doing very well lately, why don't you let him get away with something very small for a change?

Martin Garralt,
Canterbury, Kent.

● ***Just to show you that Rubberman is all rubber, we've reprinted this shot of him from SMASH 50. And keep reading Grimly, Martin, 'cos we're going to stick our necks out and tell you that his luck's about to change.***

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Batman and Robin have a case quite real,
So they are off in the Batmobile.
Percy's Pets from elephant to fly,
After teasing poor dad have to say good-bye.
Poor coppers always have to race
For Penny's antics they cannot face.
Stretching himself from head to toe,
See the Rubberman. Whew! Watch him go.
And then there is Knowall,
He knows a lot—
The last thing to call him is a clot.
Ronnie Rich is very funny,
He wants to inherit Granny's money.
Teacher's pets are the Swots,
Mischiefmakers are the Blots.
A green Goliath, is the Hulk,
He looks like he's having a sulk.
And the Nervs in Fatty's fat tummy,
Say what you like—they're very funny.
And then the police have never failed
To get old Grimly safely jailed.
When reading SMASH I always grin . . .

● *AND FOR YOUR VERSE, A POUND YOU WIN!*

Alf and Cos.

Verse from . . .

Katharine Spensley,
Radlett, Herts.

And we've read plenty verse!

Dear Alf and Cos,
Please could you tell me what would happen to the Nervs if Fatty got chicken pox? I would like to know because I have got them and I think it would make a very funny story to see what they do to make you itch so much.

Stuart Dyson, 8,
Ashton-u-Lyne.

● ***Coo! You've got a nerv asking things like that! But we've passed on your question to Willing Walter, our script-writer, who'll no doubt be itching to pass it on to Fatty.***

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I would like to know how Rubberman's clothes stretch as far as the ones he wears do. When you showed The Leader as an unskilled labourer he did not have a moustache, but now he has one. Finally, why are the Swots and the Blots called the Swots and Blots?

Alan Brookes, 13,
Birmingham 14.

● ***(1) Because he wears a special rubber suit—see Ish 16. (2)He thought he'd look better with one. (3) The Swots are always swotting—that makes them the brainy lot and The Blots are a grotty, blotty lot with brawn where their brains should be. Whose side are you on?***

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I did not discover your smashing paper, SMASH, until Number 29, but I have not missed one since. I get my copy on Saturday, but this day just doesn't come round quickly enough. Thank you for such a jolly good comic. I now take your other papers, FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC, and when I can **afford it I also get WHAM and POW, but that depends on whether I get extra spends. If I keep on at this rate I shall have to have a room specially for my comics because I couldn't bear to throw any of them out.**

Michael Shorrocks, 8,
Weymouth, Dorset.

● ***Glad you're a member of the Power gang, Mike—there's some extra 'spends' on the way to you now.***

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
My writing pad is used up, I am using my last envelope, and there are no more stamps after this one. So please, *please*, PLEASE print my letter because my Mum and Dad say that it will not get printed as I have already sent you three letters before this one. My favourite features in SMASH are Hulk, Percy's pets, Ronnie Rich and The Swots and the Blots. In fact, I like the whole comic, but I am afraid if I keep using my pocket money to buy writing materials and stamps there won't be anything left to buy your comics. So please answer this letter, then I will be able to spend all my money on your wonderful Power House Products.

Many thanks for the terrific transfer of Iron Man which looks terrific on my T-Shirt.

S. Barlow,
Clayton.

● **Phew! Looks like we just managed to squeeze you in this time!**

Alf and Cos.

Most of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. HAS BUNGLED AGAIN - HE'S NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE S.S. SUGAR - THE SHIP WHICH IS CARRYING DR. GOOLE'S FIENDISH SUGAR CUBES TO DISTRIBUTE ALL OVER THE WORLD - IT REALLY LOOKS LIKE LARRY'S SUNK THIS TIME!

S.S. SUGAR

I ZINK WE MAY MAKE THE SPY FOOL WALK ZE PLANK! HEH! HEH!

G-GULP! I THOUGHT THAT WENT OUT WITH CAPTAIN KIDD!

GASP! IF ONLY I COULD GET THAT TEA AMONG THE SUGAR IN THE HOLD, THINGS WOULD REALLY START JUMPING!

BUMP!

RIGHT, MY FRIEND - SHALL WE GO FOR A WALK?

ALONG THE P-PLANK? G-GULP!

HEY! WHAT YOU DO?

GLOP!

MY DEAR MUMMY SAID I MUST NEVER FORGET TO BRUSH MY TEETH BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP - EVEN IF IT IS FOR THE *LAST TIME!*

I DON'T KNOW WHERE ZE BRITISH GET THEIR SPIES!

PERCEIVE ONE SUPER-STRONG MAGNET - STRONG ENOUGH TO TURN ON THE TAP ON THAT TEA URN!

COO! HE'S RIGHT! NO BUNGLES THIS TIME!

SWING

MAGNETIC PULL

NOW - WE CONTINUE ZE WALK!

I'LL DIE LIKE A HERO - WITH MY MOLARS IN!

GLOOP!

GURGLE!

WALK, PIG! JUST LIKE ZE LOVER'S LEAP! HEH! HEH!

ER - GOODBYE THEN, SWEETHEART! GULP!

AAGH! WHAT'S ZE BROWN STUFF? IT LOOKS LIKE TEA - AND IT IS GOING DOWN ZE HOLE!

GLOOP!

GURGLE

NO! NO! IT IS ACTIVATING ZE DIABOLICAL SUGAR CUBES! WE ARE ZE *DOOMED!*

HISS! GLOOP! SLOOP! HISS!

ERK!

GRAB!

TWANG!

RIP!

WRENCH

GURGLE!

OH, BOY! JUST IN TIME – DR. GOOLE'S PLAN'S BACKFIRED – HIS FIENDISH SUGAR CUBES ARE WRECKING THE SHIP! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE ONE OF THEM GRABS ME!

ONE DISTRESS ROCKET FOR AGENT IN DISTRESS!

AAGH! WE'RE SINKING!

WHOOPH!

AW, WELL! THAT'S THE END OF DR. GOOLE'S FIENDISH PLOT – ALL HIS DIABOLICAL SUGAR CUBES WERE ON THAT BOAT! THEY WON'T DO ANY HARM AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

GLOOP!

GURGLE!

MEANWHILE...

OH, DEAR! I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM LARRY – I THINK GOOLE MUST HAVE GOT HIM AT LAST!

BITE!

SHAKE!

CHOMP!

CRASH!

LARRY REPORTING BACK, SIR – THAT'S ME! MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

EEK! IT'S HIM! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

COO! BUNGLE'S MADE DOCTOR GOOLE HOPPING MAD..!

GRRR! I HATE HIM! *I HATE HIM!* NEXT TIME I WON'T FAIL! AAGH!

FIDEL ASPRO – HE GOT THUMPING *HEADACHE!*

BUMP!

THUMP!

NEXT WEEK – DON'T MISS BUNGLE'S NEW ADVENTURE – IT'S A **GAS!**

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

I'LL BRING YOU BACK LOTS OF *FRESH* FISH FOR TEA, MUM!

H'MPH! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

THE TROUBLE WITH MUM IS THAT SHE'S GOT NO CONFIDENCE IN ME!

ONE HOUR LATER...

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK MUM WAS ***RIGHT***-I HAVEN'T CAUGHT A SAUSAGE!

I MIGHT AS WELL WATCH THE TELLY-THERE DOSN'T SEEM MUCH ELSE TO DO!

COO! IT'S A PROGRAMME ABOUT THE BIBLE- THERE'S PETER THE FISHERMAN IN THERE!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY A NET, CHARLIE? I ALWAYS DO!

GOSH! THE VERY THING!

GREAT MOUTHFULS OF MACKEREL- LOOK AT THIS LOT! OLD PETER HAD THE RIGHT IDEA! THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TO KEEP ME ON FISH AND CHIPS FOR MONTHS!

OH, NO! THE NET'S SHINKING BACK TO TELLY SIZE- THE FISH ARE ALL ESCAPING!

IT'S ONLY GOOD FOR CATCHING TIDDLERS NOW!

HALLO! THERE'S AN ADVERTISEMENT ON THE TELLY NOW...

PLEASE DON'T GET *SPLAT FLY PAPERS*- WE *FLIES* DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

OH, BOY! A FLY- I'LL TRY MY HAND AT *FLY FISHING!*

MY HERO! I'M SAVED!

HELP! WHAT ARE DOING? WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

AAGHH! I CAN'T SWIM - I'LL BE DROWNED - I CAN'T EVEN DO THE BUTTERFLY STROKE!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! HELP! S.O.S.! MAYDAY- CALL OUT THE LIFEBOAT!

BAH! WHAT A TWIT - HE'S SCARED ALL THE FISH AWAY - I MIGHT AS WELL REEL HIM IN!

USE KOOLMAN'S MUSTARD FOR PERFECT MEALS!

GOSH! THAT COULD DO THE TRICK!

EXCUSE ME - I'VE - ER - GOT TO GET THE MEAL FIRST!

HEH! HEH! HOW'S THAT? MUSTARD WORMS!

OH, A NICE YELLOW WORM! SLURP!

AAAGHH! MY THROAT'S ON FIRE! WATER! WATER!

HO! HO! IT WORKED A TREAT!

THAT'S ONLY ONE - I BET I CATCH DOZENS!

PLOP!

SOON...

COO! LOVELY FRESH FISH - THAT'S BETTER THAN THIS TINNED STUFF I'M ADVERTISING!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL A CATCH!

HEH! HEH! I'LL MAKE A SWOP WHILE CHARLIE ISN'T LOOKING!

BACK HOME...

WELL! DID YOU CATCH ANY-THING THIS TIME?

NOT HALF - A WHOPPER OF A CATCH!

T-TINNED FISH!!?

OH, NO!

GRIMLY FEENDISH
COO! I'M GOING TO GET ME ONE OF THOSE!
PANDAS ARE WORTH MORE THAN £2,000 EACH
HEH! HEH! PANDAS LOVE THESE — THEY'RE BAMBOO SHOOTS!
ZOO
PANDA
SLUP!
SLURP!
COME ON, MY BEAUTY!
CRASH!
AAGH! HE'S FLATTENED ME! THE BIG, FAT TWIT!
NOW TO SELL HIM TO ANOTHER ZOO FOR TWO-THOUSAND QUID!
COO! GRIMLY FEENDISH IS TRYIN' TO PINCH PETE PANDA!
PYTHON
AAARGH!
TRIP!
ZOO KEEPERS' LODGE
CRASH!
ZOO
EEK! HELP!
TEE-HEE! I THINK I'LL SELL UNCLE GRIMLY TO A ZOO — HE LOOKS JUST LIKE A PANDA!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

WHEEEEESW! If a long breath of warm air recently swept around the British Isles it was us giving vent to a long, long sigh of relief. Remember how we told you that our printers, St. Clements Press, were going out of the magazine printing business and we had to find a new printer or go out of business ourselves? If you've been lying awake at nights with the worry of it all (as all true Power People should have been doing!)you can now relax! No longer are these Sceptred Isles of ours threatened with a POWER-less future. Spiderman, Thor, Prince Namor, the Incredible Hulk, The Fantastic Four and all our other lovable lads will continue to brighten the world for all True Believers. Because we've been rescued by Southernprint Limited of Branksome, Poole, Dorset, who are taking over the printing of our peerless papers as from the issues which will be on sale on Saturday, July 8th. With a change of printers our mags may look just a little different, but inside they'll be just as 100% Power-Packed as ever. Fear not! The printer may change, but the garret gang are exactly the same as ever—completely insane!

TWENTY FRANTIC FOLLOWERS

Richard Cox, Helston, Cornwall; Stephen Dawson, Billingham, Co. Durham; Peter Reynolds, Upminster, Essex; Graham Hull, Paignton, Devon; David Collins, Wokingham, Berkshire; Neil Clinton, Sidcup, Kent; Ian Buchan, Glasgow, Scotland; Geoffrey Glancy, Liverpool 19; Michael Conolli, Hayes, Middx.; Richard Jermy, Chichester, Sussex; Naweed Zafar, Birmingham; David Bowman, Blackpool, Lancashire; John Bartley, Slough, Bucks.; Paul Cornforth, Northallerton, Yorkshire; David Rimmer, Dublin, Ireland; Anthony Magee, Belfast, Ireland; David Smith, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey; Thomas Prior, Kirkdale, Liverpool; Rosemary Allen, Morden, Surrey; Colin Mitchell, Shedfield, Hants.

Here's an item that could have such earth-shattering consequences that we daren't even think about it.. In this week's TERRIFIC the world-famous Avengers team announce that they're breaking up!. As if the world isn't enough in trouble as it is.

We never could keep a secret, so we've just got to tell you that we've finally decided which of our merry mags is to be honoured by the pulsating presence of Dare-Devil, the superhero for whom so many of you have been clamouring for so long. Old D-D will be appearing in SMASH, and his first adventure will take place a few weeks from now. We're sorry if you Dare-Devil fans are going to find the waiting hard, but we know how you like to be kept informed of the really important things in life.

Neil wins the chance of a lifetime

AT FOURTEEN, NEIL SMITH HAD ALREADY WON NOTICE AS A POTENTIAL CHAMPION.

BUT IN THE DRESSING ROOM...

IT'S THE CAPTAIN OF THE COUNTY TEAM.

SMOKING, SMITH? THAT WON'T HELP YOU TO WIN A PLACE IN MY TEAM!

AND ON THE WAY HOME...

PHEW! THIS HILL SEEMS TO GET LONGER. WONDER IF SMOKING *IS* BEGINNING TO AFFECT MY WIND. MAYBE IT COULD SPOIL MY CHANCES OF GETTING INTO THE BIG-TIME INTERNATIONAL MATCHES.

IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, HE PRACTISED HARD.

NEIL GETS BETTER EVERY DAY.

HE CERTAINLY WORKS AT IT. EVEN GAVE UP SMOKING...

AND NEIL DID WIN HIS PLACE IN THE TEAM LEAVING FOR AMERICA.

IT WAS THE TRIP OF A LIFETIME.

THAT'S A NEW CAMERA, ISN'T IT, NEIL?

YES, I BOUGHT IT WITH THE MONEY I SAVED ON CIGARETTES.

AND MILLIONS WATCHED HIS TRIUMPH ON TV.

OH, A BEAUTIFUL TOP-SPIN FOREHAND! GAME AND RUBBER TO NEIL SMITH OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BELIEVE ME, CIGARETTES ARE A WASTE OF MONEY— AND CAN AFFECT YOUR HEALTH.

IT JUST ISN'T SMART TO SMOKE 'EM!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

WE'RE IN THE FORTIETH CENTURY WITH THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS. LIFE IS VERY **DIFFERENT** IN THESE DAYS OF THE DISTANT FUTURE. AMONG OTHER THINGS, A MAN CAN TAKE A FIVE-COURSE MEAL IN TABLET FORM—IF HE WISHES!

BUT THESE AREN'T FOOD TABLETS THAT CHIEF CONTROLLER MARCSON IS PERSUADING ROLLO AND DANNY TO SWALLOW!

THESE TABLETS ARE THE LATEST BRAIN-CHILD OF THE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH BOYS! THEY ACT UPON PART OF THE MIND—IN SUCH A WAY THAT IF EITHER OF YOU IS NOW SPOKEN TO IN AN *UNFAMILIAR LANGUAGE* YOUR BRAIN WILL AUTOMATICALLY TRANSLATE THE WORDS INTO *ENGLISH!*

UGH! THEY'LL NEVER TAKE THE PLACE OF A PRETTY LANGUAGE INSTRUCTRESS!

BUT, DANNY! THINK OF THE ADVANTAGES TO MEN WITH JOBS LIKE OURS! NOW WE NEED SPEND NO MORE TIME HAVING DEAD LANGUAGES AND DIALECTS FED INTO OUR MINDS!

WHEREVER WE GO IN TIME—WHOEVER WE ENCOUNTER—WE'LL BE ABLE TO *COMMUNICATE* WITH THEM!

AND *THEY'LL* BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND *YOU!* BECAUSE THE TABLETS WILL ENABLE YOU ALSO TO *SPEAK* THE LANGUAGE WITHOUT ANY EFFORT ON YOUR PART!

I'VE GIVEN YOU THOSE TABLETS TODAY BECAUSE I'M SENDING YOU BACK INTO THE PAST TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE CROWN OF THE KEBI.

U-UH! I KNEW THERE HAD TO BE A CATCH SOMEWHERE!

THE CROWN OF THE KEBI! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT!

HERE IT IS—QUITE ORDINARY, AS YOU SEE. BUT IF THE LEGEND IS TRUE IT ONCE BELONGED TO A PEOPLE WHO—WELL, *THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT FOR US!*

AT THE MUSEUM'S TIME CHAMBER...

WE'LL GIVE YOUR REGARDS TO THE KEBI!

GOOD LUCK!

THE DOOR OF THE TIME CHAMBER CLOSES TIGHTLY—AND THEN THE WALLS GROW FAINT AND SHADOWY...

WE'RE STARTING TO MOVE BACK THROUGH TIME, DANNY!

THEN THE CROWN *IS* GENUINE!

FASTER AND FASTER THEY TRAVEL...MOVING BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES OF THE PAST AT A FANTASTIC PACE!

4000 A.D.

3700 A.D.

3000 A.D.

2500 A.D.

1900 A.D.

*BUT NOW LET **US** MOVE BACK THROUGH TIME AT AN EVEN **FASTER** RATE THAN ROLLO AND DANNY. AND THE SCENE TO WHICH WE JOURNEY IS A STRANGE ONE INDEED!*

KNOW YE THAT THE *POWER OF WALU* HAS NO LIMITS!

I HAVE BUT TO *TOUCH* THE SACRED STONE WITH MY WAND TO BRING ABOUT THE MOST TERRIBLE WONDERS!

BUT WALU IS *MERCIFUL!* HE WILL NOT DO THIS—SO LONG AS HIS PEOPLE OBEY HIM!

HAIL WALU!

WALU IS MIGHTY!

POOR FOOLS! IN THEIR *IGNORANCE* THEY THINK THE POWERS I POSSESS ARE EVEN GREATER THAN THEY REALLY ARE!

THE WAND IS BUT A PIECE OF WOOD—AND THE SACRED STONE IS NOTHING MORE THAN ORDINARY MARBLE. *YET THEY ARE TERRIFIED LEST THE TWO TOUCH!* AND I SHALL ENSURE THAT THEY *NEVER* TOUCH—FOR IF THEY DO THEN ALL WILL KNOW THERE IS NAUGHT TO FEAR!

BUT IT IS FATE WHICH SHAPES THE DESTINIES OF MEN. AND SO IT IS NOW! AS WALU RAISES HIS ARMS TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE HOMAGE OF HIS PEOPLE, THE WAND SLIPS FROM HIS HAND!

AND—ALMOST AS THOUGH IT IS GUIDED BY SOME UNSEEN FORCE—IT STRIKES AGAINST THE SACRED STONE!

A WAVERING CRY OF FEAR AND ALARM RISES FROM THE THROATS OF THE ASSEMBLED NATIVES!

THE WAND!

IT HAS STRUCK THE SACRED STONE!

AAAAH!

AND WALU'S FACE CREASES IN DARK ANGER!

NOW THEY WILL LEARN THAT THERE IS NO MAGIC IN EITHER WAND OR STONE! AND HAVING LEARNED *THAT* THEY WILL THEN BEGIN TO SUSPECT MY *OTHER* POWERS!

THEN...TWO SHAPES BEGIN TO FORM!

LOOK! SOME *WONDER* IS TAKING PLACE—JUST AS WALU PROPHESIED!

A MOMENT LATER ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS STAND BEFORE THE SACRED STONE. FOR THEIR JOURNEY THROUGH THE YEARS HAS ENDED AT THIS VERY MOMENT...AT THIS VERY SPOT!

ROLLO—WHAT *IS* THIS PLACE?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE INTERRUPTED SOME SORT OF CEREMONY!

*BUT THERE IS **ONE** WHO DOES NOT KNEEL BEFORE THE NEW ARRIVALS! THERE IS NO **AWE** IN WALU'S HEART—ONLY **HATE!***

I KNOW NOT HOW THESE STRANGERS CAME HERE. BUT WHILST THEY REMAIN MY PEOPLE WILL WORSHIP *THEM* AND NOT ME!

THEREFORE THEY MUST BE *DESTROYED!*

WHAT MYSTERY IS THIS? WHAT HAS *HAPPENED?*

CAN IT BE THAT THE WAND *DOES* INDEED POSSESS THE WONDROUS POWERS THAT I HAD CLAIMED FOR IT?

THERE ARE NO DOUBTS IN THE MINDS OF THE NATIVES!

ONLY *GODS* COULD APPEAR BEFORE US IN SUCH A FASHION!

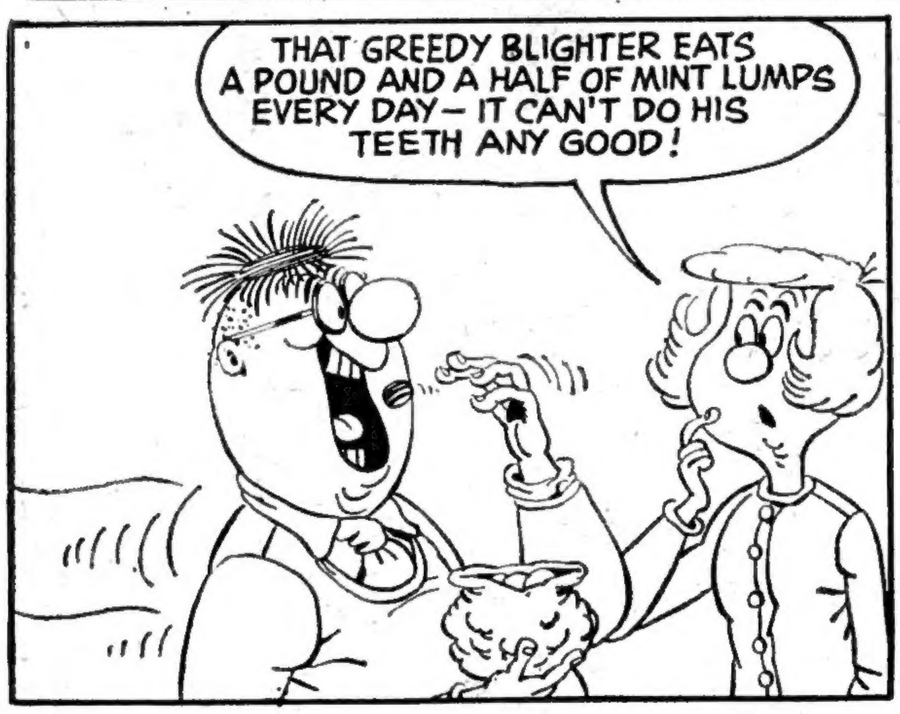
THEY'RE WORSHIPPING US!

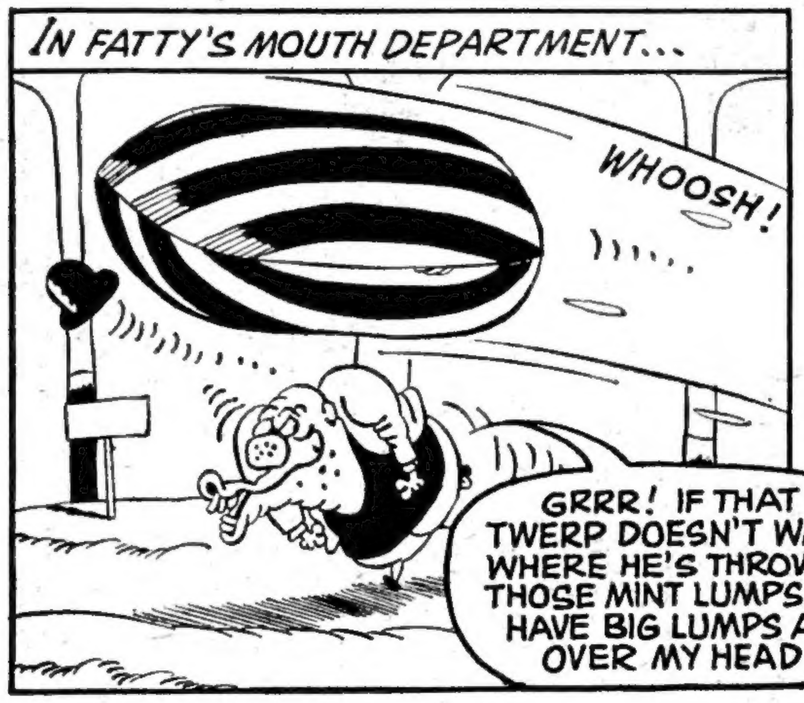
HOW **ABOUT** THAT!

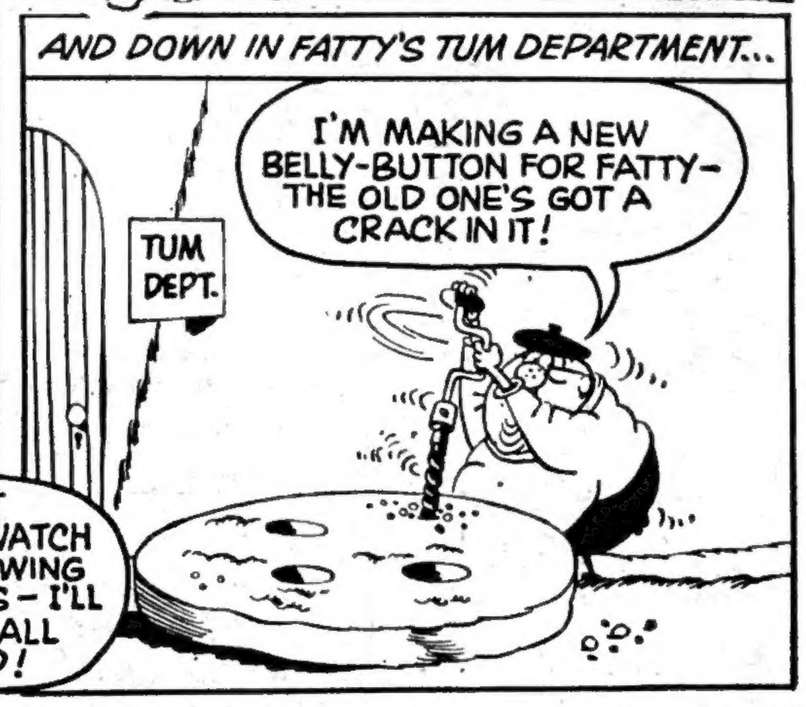
WE MUST GO DOWN BEFORE THEM!

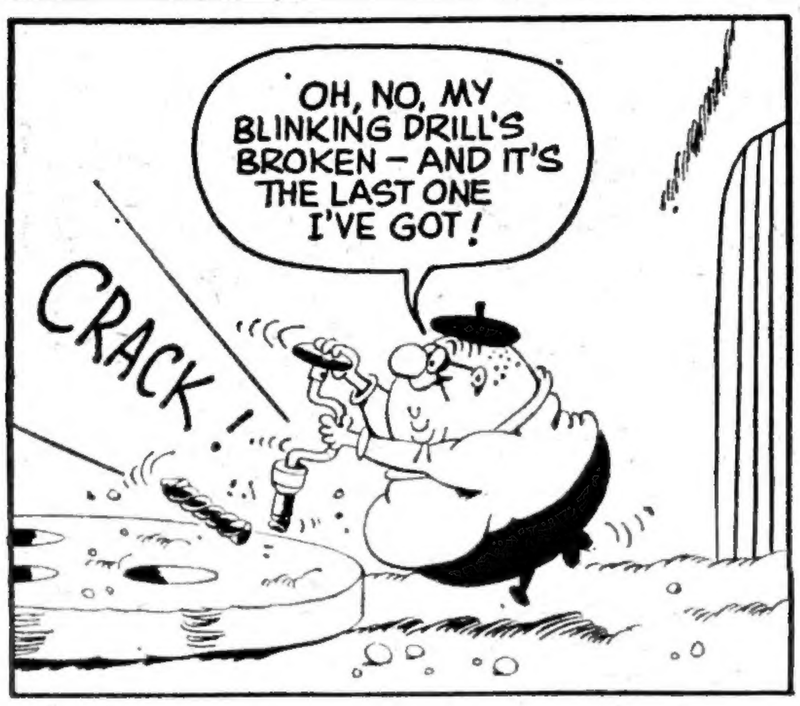
DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S GRIPPING CHAPTER!

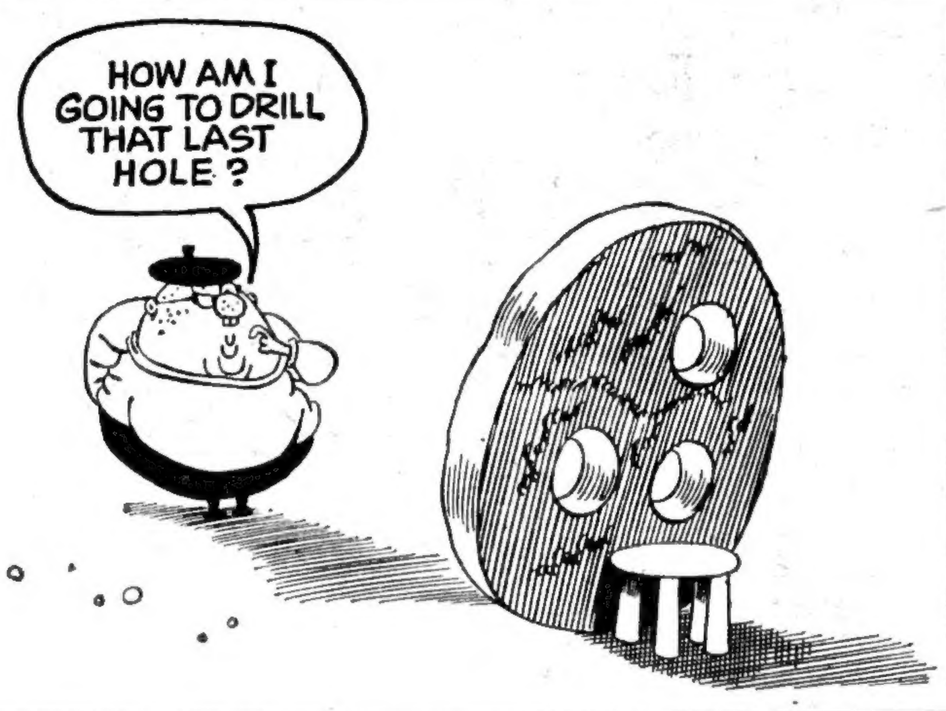
THE NERVS

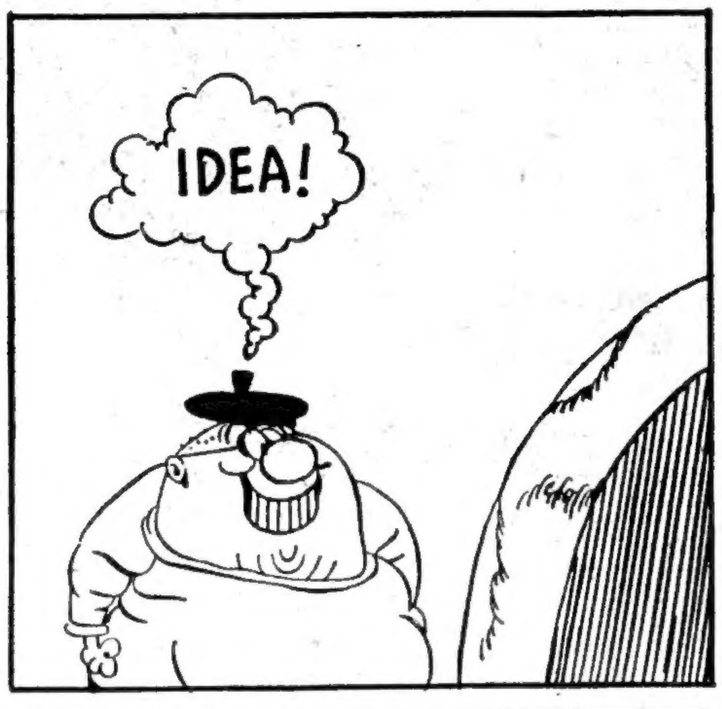

THAT GREEDY BLIGHTER EATS A POUND AND A HALF OF MINT LUMPS EVERY DAY – IT CAN'T DO HIS TEETH ANY GOOD!

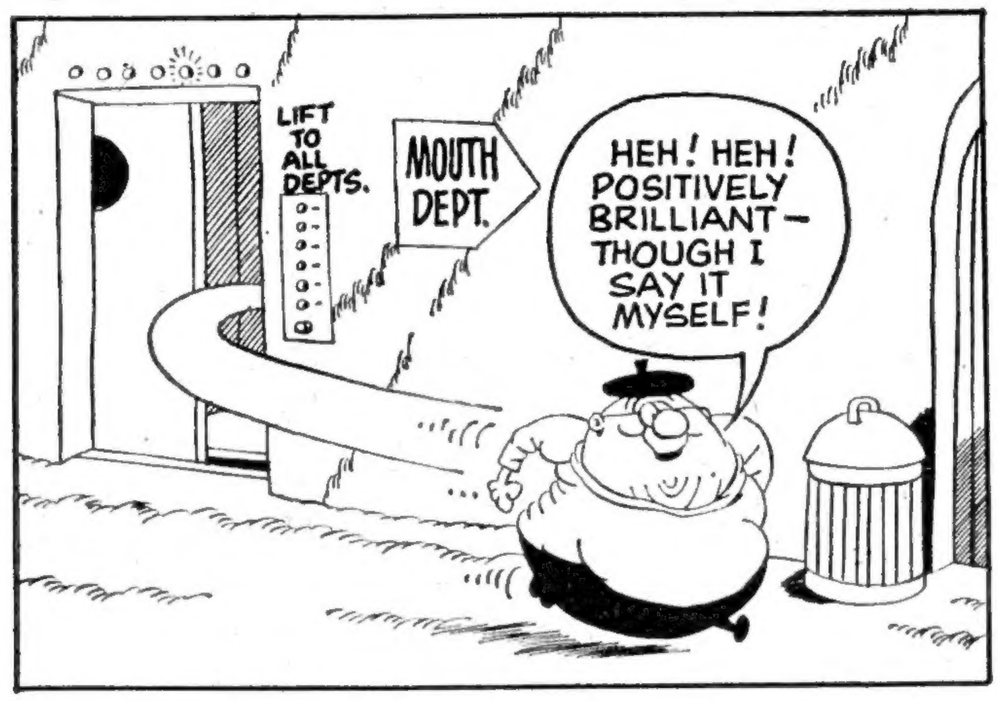

IN FATTY'S MOUTH DEPARTMENT...
WHOOSH!
GRRR! IF THAT TWERP DOESN'T WATCH WHERE HE'S THROWING THOSE MINT LUMPS – I'LL HAVE BIG LUMPS ALL OVER MY HEAD!


AND DOWN IN FATTY'S TUM DEPARTMENT...
TUM DEPT.
I'M MAKING A NEW BELLY-BUTTON FOR FATTY– THE OLD ONE'S GOT A CRACK IN IT!

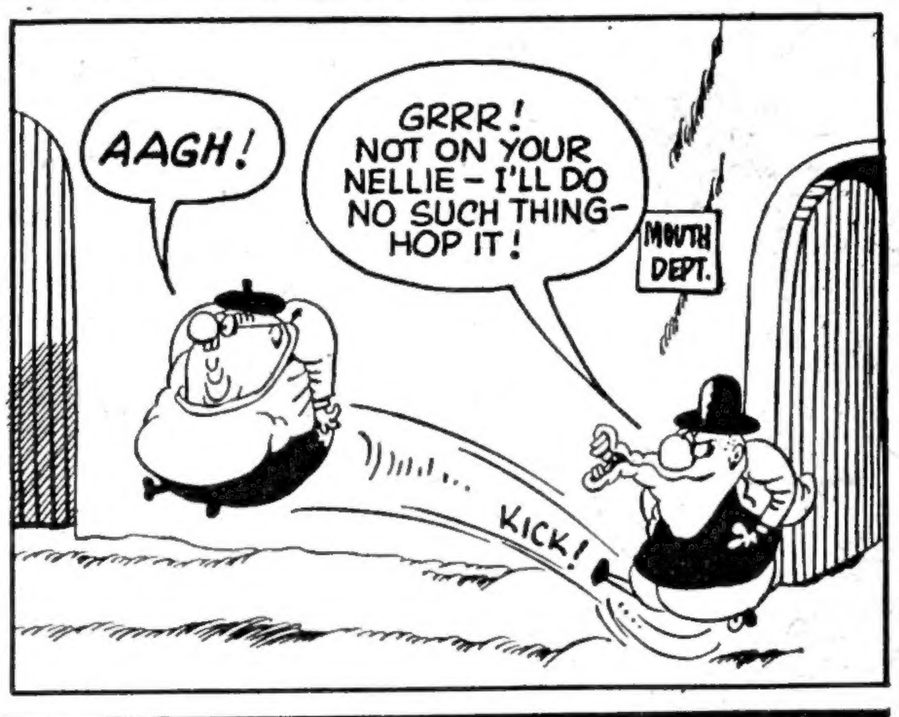

OH, NO, MY BLINKING DRILL'S BROKEN – AND IT'S THE LAST ONE I'VE GOT!
CRACK!


HOW AM I GOING TO DRILL THAT LAST HOLE?


IDEA!

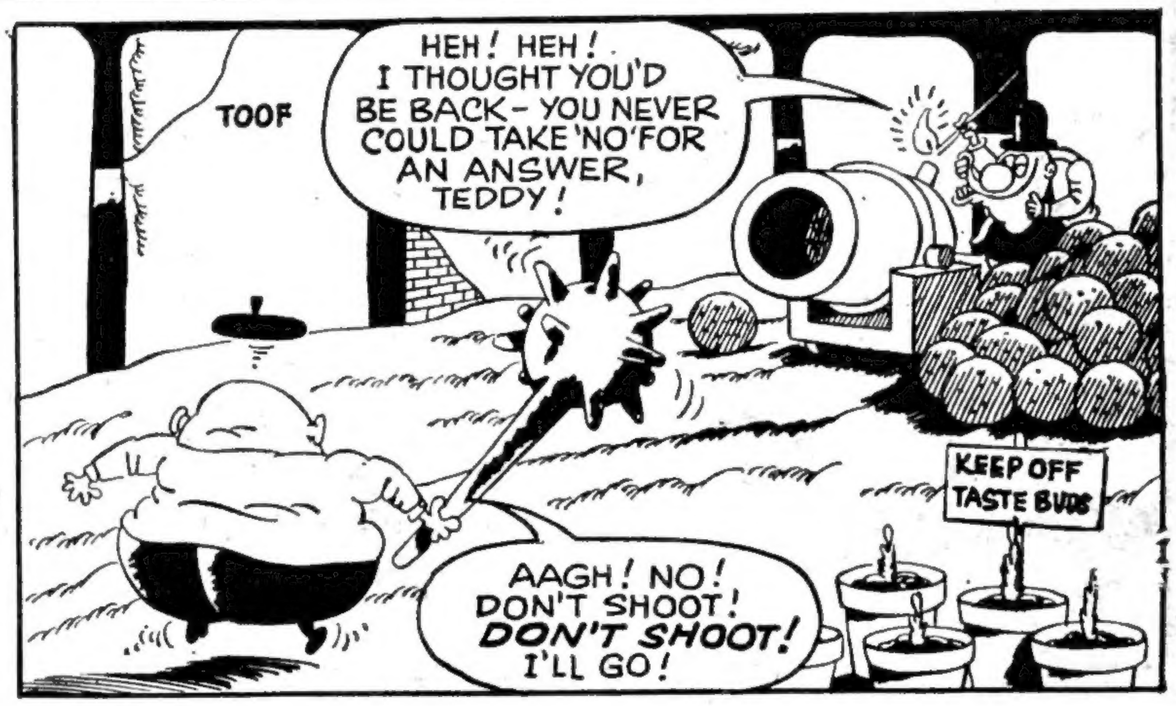

LIFT TO ALL DEPTS.
MOUTH DEPT.
HEH! HEH! POSITIVELY BRILLIANT – THOUGH I SAY IT MYSELF!

IN THE MOUTH DEPARTMENT...
WHISPER... WHISPER... AND THEN... WHISPER... WHISPER. HEE HEE.. AND WHISPER... AND WE'LL...
MOUTH DEPT.


AAGH!
GRRR! NOT ON YOUR NELLIE – I'LL DO NO SUCH THING– HOP IT!
MOUTH DEPT.
KICK!

BAH! THAT TWERP IN THERE WON'T DO ANYTHING FOR A GIGGLE!

HEH! HEH! I'LL CLOBBER THE LITTLE TWERP AND DO THE DIRTY DEED MYSELF!


TOOF
HEH! HEH! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE BACK – YOU NEVER COULD TAKE 'NO' FOR AN ANSWER, TEDDY!
KEEP OFF TASTE BUDS
AAGH! NO! DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT! I'LL GO!

MEANWHILE...

TIME FOR ANOTHER LUMP! SLURP!

HEH! HEH! PREPARE TO BE CLOBBERED!

OOER! MICKY HASN'T SEEN THAT ONE – HE'S TOO BUSY!!!

AAGH! WHAT HIT ME?

CRUNCH

HEH! HEH! IT WAS MICKY WHO GOT CLOBBERED

TOOTH PICK

THIS SHOULD MAKE FATTY JUMP!

SWI-ISH!

TOOTH PICK

TOOF

"O

CRUNCH!

AAIEE! MY TOOTH! AAGH! AAGH!

I TOLD YOU – IT'S THOSE MINT LUMPS – YOU'D BETTER POP ROUND TO THE DENTIST AT THE DOUBLE!

AT THE DENTIST'S...

MMM! THERE'S A LITTLE CHUNK OUT OF ONE – I'LL HAVE TO DRILL AND FILL IT!

ZZZZZZZ

IN FATTY'S MOUTH...

YAHOO! IT'S WORKING – HERE' COMES THE DRILL!

ZZZZZZ

HEH! HEH! ONE HOLE COMING UP – I RECKON THEY SHOULD HAVE ME WORKING IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT!

ZZZZZ!

FATTY CAN'T COMPLAIN – HE'S LOST A BIT OF TOOTH AND GAINED A NEW BELLY-BUTTON! HEH! HEH!

COO! MICKY MOUTH NERV'S NOT TOO HAPPY AFTER THAT CLOBBERIN', THOUGH!

BAH! I *HATE* MINT LUMPS!

THROB!

THROB!

INCHMAN

Quick thinking saves Esso tanker from disaster

Inchman gets urgent call from big filling station on M.1. They're almost out of fuel! Can he get supplies through in time?

LEAPING ON THE CATWALK, INCHMAN FLINGS OPEN THE MANHOLE COVERS. *THE NEW DINKY ESSO TANKER HAS SIX OPENING MANHOLES*

QUICK, JACK. PUMP IN 4,000 GALLONS OF TIGER JUICE. IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

PUT A TIGER IN YOUR TANK

FULLY LOADED, THEY SWING OFF INTO THE MORNING MIST, HEADLIGHTS BLAZING. *DINKY'S ESSO TANKER HAS JEWELLED HEADLIGHTS AND DETACHABLE, FULLY-ARTICULATED CAB.*

YOU'VE SURE GOT THE HANG OF THIS NEW TANKER, INCHMAN!

YEA, SHE TURNS ON A SIXPENCE—AND GOES LIKE A BOMB!

HEY, SOMETHING'S BURNING... STOP INCHMAN IT'S A TYRE!

ESSO

LEAPING OUT JACK LOWERS THE BOGIE WHEELS AND UNCOUPLES THE CAB.

THE DINKY TANKER HAS FOLD-DOWN BOGIES AND SPRING-RELEASE FOR COUPLING.

HALF BLINDED BY SMOKE, INCHMAN SLAMS INTO GEAR.

MUST GET TO A SAFE DISTANCE. ONE SPARK COULD BLAST THAT LOAD SKY-HIGH!

FIRE PUT OUT AND WHEEL CHANGED, THEY HURTLE DOWN THE MOTORWAY FLAT OUT.

HERE COMES INCHMAN, BOYS... I KNEW HE'D MAKE IT IN TIME.

ESSO

ESSO

ESSO

DINKY ESSO FUEL TANKER HAS DETACHABLE CAB WITH SPRING RELEASE, FOLDING BOGIE WHEELS, CATWALK WITH SIX OPENING MANHOLES, FUEL VALVES AND PLUG-IN HOSEPIPES, FITTED CAB AND SPARKLING HEADLIGHTS. FINISHED IN GENUINE ESSO LIVERY.

LIKE INCHMAN, YOU'LL HAVE LOTS OF EXCITEMENT WITH THE NEW ACTION-PACKED DINKY A.E.C. ESSO FUEL TANKER. IT'S SUPERB!

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM

DINKY TOYS.

Precision die-cast scale models by Meccano Ltd. and sold by Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges and all good toy shops.